



"Soundtrack To The Struggle 2" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Soundtrack To The Struggle 2"

(feat. Noam Chomsky)

[Noam Chomsky:]

You're listening to Soundtrack to the Struggle 2 by Lowkey

[Lowkey:]

Thank you for joining us, Noam. In Optimism Over Despair, you say, "It seems to me unlikely that civilisation can survive really existing capitalism". Would you be able to explain that statement for us?

[Noam Chomsky:]

Really existing capitalism is what we can see described in the press day after day  
We read that the major banks like, JPMorgan Chase, are increasing their investment in fossil fuels - including the  
most dangerous, like Canadian tar sands

And all of this is quite understandable on the assumption that the structure of our institutions is geared to  
maximising short-term profit and power, without regard to what might happen to the world in under [?] twenty or  
thirty years

But that's spoke capitally, well we can't survive that...

[Lowkey:]

Is it the economic system vs the ecosystem?  
How are we gonna define deep when the seas have risen?  
How can we define 'woke' when our sleep's commissioned?  
Drowned out by Koch brothers bots, how can the people listen?  
Can't detoxify as we watch the sky fade to grey  
The source devoured corporate power killed the nation's state  
Sophisticated murder defined as innovation  
Corporations wine and dine just to mine the information  
Eight men versus humanity, terrorists who  
Your search engine knows your thought pattern better than you  
In an environment resentful uprising is essential  
The horizon is torrential, thinking silence will protect you  
Subject to propaganda that terrifies the slumbered  
We can jeopardise their cover if we energise the numbers  
Collectivise or die, protect your mind or suffer  
Life is paradise to some and a pair of dice to others

I saw horror in the eyes of a tired retired fireman  
Knowing he couldn't help a child survive the frying pan  
When we riot we disquiet the leviathan  
Forget Iron Man I've got a iron lion's diaphragm  
My salutations to those with imagination  
Doom anticipated and that's no exaggeration  
Your flag doesn't exist let me back up that statement  
What happens to the nation if the Queen has a tax haven?  
Pushing these buttons you don't need a brave heart  
Frontex turned the Mediterranean to a graveyard  
[?] will drive you crazy if you let it  
Had a mother burying her newborn baby in the desert

What's commonsensical is sensible to question  
What seems to be a lesson is intellectual repression  
Rebel against the system that deprived you of a voice  
Rebel against this hell while our survival's still a choice

The state committed suicide cannibalised itself  
While the banks treat infictitious capitol like it's wealth  
Your lurid lobby system means corruption is legalised  
Privatised healthcare, elsewhere people die  
Rebellion lives in all those that dream of a better way  
Refused to be brainwashed with false visions of yesterday  
Choose to afflict the comfortable and comfort the afflicted  
So many choose the opposite, their spirit contradicted  
Bring a child to the world where the future seems impossible  
Five trillion dollars a year subsidising fossil fuels  
The truth was in their eyes but you shrugged and just turned your back  
I watched a family beg for help while their flat turned to ash  
Apocalypse now, we saw our future in that damn building  
CEOs loving profit more than they love their grandchildren  
We saw our future in that damn building  
CEOs loving profit more than they love their grandchildren

*[Noam Chomsky:]*

Not to be concerned about the future, preferentially, you have to put yourself in the position of, say, Jamie Dimon - the CEO of the biggest bank, JPMorgan Chase. As CEO he has, essentially, two choices. One choice is to do exactly what he's doing - invest direct investments into the most profitable outcome, which happens to be the most dangerous fossil fuels. You can do that but the other alternative he has is to resign and be replaced by somebody else who'll do the same thing. But this is an institutional problem; not an individual one

"Ahmed" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Ahmed"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]

His young life was as delicate as the wing of a butterfly  
And as fragile as a spider's web  
For him we cry because when he dies we all do

Did Ahmed not deserve a life? Ahmed never hurt a fly  
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by  
Certain times Ahmed wished that he could be a bird and fly  
Beyond the sky, escape the curse of birth that he was burdened by  
Ahmed never grew to let your racism internalise  
Water poured from every pore in his corpse while the nurses cried  
Ahmed was a beautiful person like you or I  
But are we?...

Ahmed could have been a doctor, lawyer or an engineer  
Could have been a superstar but his life ended here  
Guess he was a shooting star, burn bright and disappear  
To some he seems to represent a menace in this hemisphere  
Let me here make the very essence of this message clear  
He was precious, many die like him every year  
Ahmed was a victim of resentment and relentless fear  
Now his soul surfs the waves, I wish we could have kept him here

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]

The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)  
They call him Ahmed  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)  
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]

Ahmed's ancestors introduced to Europe Greek philosophy  
Brought with them irrigation, mathematics and astronomy  
Symbolically, irony of this horror isn't lost on me  
Trying to get to Europe via Greece is where he's lost at sea  
Ahmed not Achmed, it's Ahmed, he's that dead  
Toddler lying lifeless on the beach with his back bent  
Arms spread, reaching the direction that his dad went  
If he made it here, would have been bullied for his accent  
He was captured by the ocean, paralysed and frozen  
While these parasites sat and typed, analysing clothing  
Now for resources we all compete beyond the talk of war and peace  
And talk of porous border there is corpses on the shore of Greece  
They found a teddy next to where his body was found  
The sea swallowed him, politics has swallowed him now  
And those responsible, Ahmed's ghost will follow them now

To the family all we can say is we are sorry he drowned  
Because...

*[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]*

The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)  
They call him Ahmed  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)  
They call him Ahmed

*[Lowkey:]*

They say let him drown, let him drown, let him drown, What have you done, don't let him drown, don't let him  
drown  
No what have we become, don't let him drown  
No, don't let him drown  
And they say  
Let him drown, let him drown, let him drown  
What have we done, don't let him drown, don't let him drown  
No, what have we become, don't let him drown  
Please, don't let him drown

Ahmed could've been you, and Ahmed could've been me  
We need to understand the policies that put him in the sea  
We need to understand why it is the beach is full of dying kids  
A colonial Metropole people want to reside in  
If he did would he make it or fall to something that's deeper  
End up like like Jimmy Mubenga or Khaled Abu Zarifa  
A picture by Javier Bauluz on the beaches of Tarifa  
Made me see, some would grieve more if Ahmed was a creature  
With four legs, then they would consider him legitimate  
Those like him braving barbed wire burning off their finger tips  
Balfours alien act, that mentality still exists  
Is privilege the difference between an ex-pat and an immigrant?  
For Ama Sumani and Osman Rasul Mohamed, when you take others humanity, it's only yours that's stunted, not  
a swarm  
They're our sisters and brothers, that's the sum of it  
The cockroaches here are in the media and the government  
Not the sea

*[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]*

The sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)  
They call him Ahmed  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)  
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)  
They call him Ahmed

*[Lowkey:]*

Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by  
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by  
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by  
And they all laugh at him...



"The Return Of Lowkey" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"The Return Of Lowkey"

You could never top my fire in the booth  
I don't need a label I'm signed to the truth  
If you're a lion heart with the mind of a moose  
Your circle can hurt you as tight as a noose

Bars artillery, harsher than killer bees  
I'm a marksman with beats, carving them into meat  
I par mini mes laugh at them in the street  
Wanna spar elite hard for you to compete  
Not marketing dream, hearts in the middle east  
Starving to eat, marger beyond belief  
Where they martyr the meek, marching them into meet  
With the arms of the beast where harvest them with the teeth  
If you're unhappy when you come at me never miss  
Make you run scatty, dumb scallywags are getting dissed  
At trump rally with a gun carried in your fist  
That's a punk patty and a chump chatty terrorist

The intellect  
Still the sickeat on the internet  
Didn't know will kill you slow like a cigarette  
Out lying you outlined like a silhouette  
Been a vet, that didn't pet, the illest and I'm still a threat

Personified, verse at a time, merk em  
I heard all ya rhymes, I'm certain that I burn em  
Emerged in my prime first to define to curtains  
What's it german your ride hurting jurgen  
Murder the mic klinsmann when I'm turning  
Merciless fight klansmann when I'm verbing  
Words that I write sting them when I'm bursting  
Worst of my type champion night nurse em

016 did a sold out tour  
Think you know my life I don't know about yours  
I was blackballed then cause I spoke bout war,  
They want me closed down but I spoke out more  
Now the silence is broken the virus is frozen  
Come to wash it away like the tide of the ocean  
My pride is evolving size of a trojan horse on course to divide your emotion

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet  
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen  
The album is next, its foul that you slept  
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen  
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed  
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen

You're out of your depth, bow the best  
Put the crown on my head again ga-gengen

We want Lowkey  
We want Lowkey  
We want Lowkey  
We want Lowkey  
We want Lowkey  
We want Lowkey  
We want Lowkey  
We want Lowkey

Say your sick I'm prophylactic  
Say your old school I'm so jurassic  
Flow glactic, gymnastic could hold a backflip  
Keep you grounded like drones at gatwick  
Behold a classic, your poker tactics  
Are souless and hopeless, you nosey actors  
My mode of practise is molten acid  
Flows roams the globe control its axis

No foes in my lane, most of them are deranged  
How you cope with pain, coke in up ya vein  
They moulded your brain, culture killing the fame  
They known of my name, sponse it was gonna fade

Get the concept, a monster that's lost like lochness  
Silly flows all my videos are a boxset  
Obsessed with the nonsense tell me what's next  
Another day I could run on stage like offset

From oxford to bangkok the jam pops off  
Even amsterdam flow can pop clogs  
Stand on hot rocks still mans not hot  
Got genius bars like a laptop shop

I look into the eyes of my son  
I see the moon shine and the rise of the sun  
I showed you my thumb that's the size of your lung  
I love you and everything you'll strive to become

Like godzilla  
Kids think there sick but their not iller  
Hop in the moshpit I'm toxic plot thickens  
Hot spitter could'ntgive a toss if your watch ticking  
Top of the roster eat monsters for hot dinner

Its the glitch in the matrix  
Spit with the greatness  
Flipping the script my existence is dangerous  
I'm convincing the jaded  
No stint with the majors  
My fiscal still sick with no hits on the playlist



Miserable haters  
Are thinking ages  
Howto incriminate or intimidate him  
But the ink in my name is  
Sinked in the pages  
Pimps of the game want my fingerprints faded

Its like tell me where the lyricisms gone?  
Ridiculous how these kids are getting on  
I don't even listen to their lyrics when its on  
Delete the whole app in the middle in the song

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet  
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen  
The album is next, its foul that you slept  
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen  
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed  
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen  
You're out of your depth, bow the best  
Put the crown on my head again ga-gaengen

If only everyland was wherever we stand,  
And we never see the disehevelled rebels heads in the sand,  
Devils with terrible plans metal that they clench in their hands  
Ready to embelleze the Cheddar and cement of your fam  
Settle the land, weapons and gangs intentionally scam to sever your every memory man  
Its deadly and sad, they said to me let it be together we stand,  
Defending these energies of heavenly lands

Guess who's back from the dead  
Time to scramble your head with a random event  
Like tupac turned up to your nans on a ped  
Wearing vans with a bandana wrapped to his head  
You might bang on the net but you ran from my pen  
You grand stand I'm van dam I mangle these men  
Jackie chan with the damn hands a phantom for them  
Damp breddas with antennas get strangled again  
Vanilla ice from the top floor dangling them  
Or take it old school bring a sandal for them  
And if you heard my bars though that was a send?  
Then you better bring backwards my friend  
I'm a vandal man handle your ankle and bend  
Will you stand and defend or just scam for the fence  
When the massacre ends I'll be back in the trench  
Better practise your reps cause your knackered and stressed  
Think your hot though, with your botched flow but your not bro  
God knows you cannot blow cause you flop shows  
Cockroach with a snot nose and a lost soul  
A dead sound it could get found in the cotswold

Mic batterer, spine shatterer, rhyme patterner,  
Define badder and might splatter a hype challenger  
Malaga to Canada panic a sly manager

Rhyme slazenger like daggers slice amateurs  
My status is titanic quite hazardous  
High cameras try tracking us, lifes labyrinth  
Rhymes raps to us like maths to pythagorus  
My staminas high calibre, try catching up  
I climb ladders to drop knowledge on top scholar  
I'm not modest top dollars could'ntknock a rock solid  
Gods honest truth in the booth I could stop sonic  
Lockstock and two smoking barrrels in the box office  
Rhymer and a ripper like kaiza with a clipper  
Like tyson when he bit him been a pyscho since a nipper  
Contemplating life like micheal in the mirror  
3, 2, 1 the word cypher came from sifer

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet  
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen  
The album is next, its foul that you slept  
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen  
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed  
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen  
You're out of your depth, bow the best  
Put the crown on my head again ga-gaengen

"Sunday Morning" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Sunday Morning"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

When the children see them, they point and laugh  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
But they don't know  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
But they don't know  
They don't know

She lost her son on a Sunday  
Her memory's a bloodstain  
The paper showed his young face  
Who remembered his mum's name?  
She sleeps with the blanket he was wrapped in as a child  
He's not dead he's just napping for a while  
She thinks backwards with a smile  
On a clock, the hands stop  
Can't accept all the plans  
Lost sunny Sundays  
Dancing to Vandross like:  
I used to be such a bad bad boy  
But I gave it up  
When I fell in love (ooh)

Hold him close breathe the smell of his skin  
Preserving every little thing  
How can she ever begin  
To move on?  
Sunday mornings getting the groove on  
His little hands wave, they [?]  
She thinks he's coming in from school  
Made his favourite dinner too  
Sitting talking to an empty chair in the living room  
Roams the street calling out things that no one listens to  
Tried to treat her but  
They thought solution was medicinal  
No  
And I don't think they'll ever comprehend it  
Schizophrenic or a broken heart that can't be mended  
Now she's sitting talking to herself  
Where the bench is  
Relatives wonder when she's coming to her senses  
  
In her mind, he grew  
Walked the passage to a man

They branded it as madness  
Never planned to understand  
She can't quite touch him  
She imagines that she can  
Holding the fabric to her face  
Squeezing the blanket in her hand  
Saying

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya  
I dance with you  
I dance with you

The day they came and took away his son was a Sunday  
But he only woke up to the news on the Monday  
More times he knows the situation ends one way  
But he looks up searching for some hope in the sunrays  
A year passed, two years passed, three years passed  
Finds it hard to get over the shadow that the fear casts  
Four years passed, five years passed, six, seven, eight passed  
Still lays a hand for him when they play cards  
His bedroom as it was, doesn't dare to touch a thing  
Hums himself to sleep with the songs his son would sing, like:  
Ain't no sunshine when she's gone  
Only darkness every day  
Ain't no sunshine now he's gone  
Only darkness every day

You might see him by the betting shop  
Asking for a spare pound  
His shoes are getting tattered  
And he's losing all his hair now  
Sees him in his dreams but  
He doesn't know his whereabouts  
Sees him in the mirror  
'Cause there's nothing else he cares 'bout  
Sees him in the crowd but  
The truth is, he isn't there  
Goes after him and chases but  
Every time, he disappears  
Cars pass him by  
And passengers just sit and stare  
Talking to himself in a cruel world that didn't care

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah ya ya)  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (hey)  
I dance with you (oh)  
I dance with you (ah)  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (every Sunday morning, yeah)  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah oh)  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya

I dance with you (oh)

I dance with you (ah)

I don't think I can do this on my own (no no no)

I don't think I can do this on my own (oh)

I don't think I can do this on my own

'Cause I need you

I need you

I don't think I can do this on my own

I don't think I can do this on my own

I don't think I can do this on my own

'Cause I need you (I need you)

I need you

"Skit 1" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 1"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

So Karl Polanyi, who you quote in the book, writes, "There are two kinds of freedom: one good and the other bad." Among the latter, he listed, "The freedom to exploit one's fellows, the freedom to make inordinate gains without commensurable service to the community. The freedom to keep technological innovations from being used for public benefit. Or the freedom to profit from public calamities secretly engineered for private advantage. But," Polanyi continued, "the market economy under which these freedoms throes [?], also produce freedoms we prize highly: freedoms of conscience; freedom of speech; freedom of meaning; freedom of association; freedom to choose one's own job. While we might cherish these freedoms for their own sake, and I'm sure many of us still do, they were, to a large extent, by-products of the same economy that was responsible for the evil freedoms. And yet, it seems, in this late stage of capitalism, that those evil freedoms have vanquished the other freedoms."

"The Death Of Neoliberalism" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"The Death Of Neoliberalism"

(feat. Greg Blackman)

Freedom!  
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it  
Freedom?  
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't  
Freedom!  
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of  
Freedom!

Pontificate, Philosophise  
Cross the T's, dot the I's  
I heard em' say the revolution won't be monetized  
But it could be wrapped up, packaged and comodified  
In this poisonous equation, I wonder what am I?  
Tax dodging tabloids, profit from these horrid lies  
Peddle patriotism but economically colonise  
Sycophants, grippin' flags, tell you that they're on your side  
Sell off your services abroad, who do they prioritise?  
Robin Hood in reverse, these robberies aren't secrets  
Bonuses for bankers and backhanders for arms dealers  
Can't cage the alternative that now exists  
With the skill of an alchemist, turn pain into empowerment  
Inspired to be alive, in this powerful moment  
No more will these cowards sell us out to their donors  
We rose, like a giant awoken out of this coma  
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!  
We sing!

Freedom!  
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it  
Freedom?  
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't  
Freedom!  
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of  
Freedom!

History favours the trail blazers  
The taste for change is contagious  
It's not strange these faceless takers are afraid of raising wages  
When the same major papers say that we should hate our neighbours  
Then when the rage cascades  
These sadists claim that their blameless  
What is clear, some don't even pay taxes on their profits here  
Wrote against the interests of Murdoch and Rothermere  
Not conspiracy theory, conspiracy actuality  
Until now politics, merely a practicality  
They deify celebrity

What happens when no celebrities turn and you say it [?] no necessity  
I don't condemn the deified but mourn those whose brilliant as them who died  
Potential unrealised  
Atomisation had us  
Distant and deafened  
Now we're interconnected, independent but interdependant  
We rose, like a giant awoken out of a coma  
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!  
We sing!

Freedom!  
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it  
Freedom?  
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't  
Freedom!  
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of  
Freedom!

We sing:  
Freedom!  
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it  
Freedom?  
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't  
Freedom!  
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of  
Freedom!



"Skit 2" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 2"

(feat. Karim Mussilhy)

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

*[Excerpt from Grenfell Tower Inquiry]*

*[Karim Mussilhy:]* Right now, right this second, this is how our families are being remembered. They're being remembered by a culture of neglect. Institutional inertia hiding behind a system that has failed  
We want the truth, not bureaucracy. We want light to be shone on what went wrong and who is responsible  
We do not want excuses, buck-passing, fancy technical arguments or any legal grey areas; we want an inquiry into the truth, the truth that people died because those in authority convinced themselves that they had done enough

*[Mr. Richmond:]* Karim, can I just - I have to be very careful here, and I don't mean to interrupt you, but some of what you're about to say is for the evidential hearings  
I'm not going to stop you, I'm not going to stop you

*[Mussilhy:]* Sure, sure

*[Mr. Richmond:]* All right?

*[Mussilhy:]* I think, with all due respect, we've been censored enough. It's our time. Whether you like it or not, you will have to listen

*[Someone in the audience:]* Speak, brother!

"Ghosts Of Grenfell" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Ghosts Of Grenfell"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]

The night our eyes changed  
Rooms where, love was made and un-made in a flash of the night  
Rooms where, memories drowned in fumes of poison  
Rooms where, futures were planned and the imagination of children built castles in the sky  
Rooms where, both the extraordinary and the mundane were lived  
Become forever tortured graves of ash  
Oh you political class, so serve out to corporate power

[Mai Khalil:]

Did they die, or us?  
Did they die, or us?  
Did they die, for us?

[Lowkey:]

Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice  
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream

[Mai Khalil:]

Did they die, or us?  
Did they die, or us?  
Did they die, for us?

[Lowkey:]

This corporate manslaughter will haunt you  
Now hear 'em scream

Words can not express  
Please allow me to begin though  
1:30am heard the shouting from my window  
People crying in the street  
Watchin' the burning of their kinfolk  
Grenfell Tower, now historically a symbol  
People reaching, from their windows  
Screaming, for their lives  
Pleading, with the cries  
Tryna reason with the skies  
Dale youth birthed champions  
Comparison is clear though  
That every single person in the building was a hero  
So don't judge our tired eyes in these trying times  
'Cause we be breathing in cyanide, the entire night  
They say Yasin saw the fire and he ran inside  
Who'd thought that would be the site where he and his family died  
The street is like a graveyard, tombstones lurching over us  
Those shouting out to their windows, now wish they never woke them up  
Wouldn't hope your worst enemy to go in this position  
Now it's flowers for the dead and printed posters for the missing, come home

[Mai Khalil:]

Did they die, or us?

Did they die, or us?

Did they die, for us?

[Lowkey:]

Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice

Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream

[Mai Khalil:]

Did they die, or us?

Did they die, or us?

Did they die, for us?

[Lowkey:]

This corporate manslaughter will haunt you

Now hear 'em scream

I see trauma in the faces of all those that witnessed this

Innocence in the faces of all those on the missing list

See hopes unfulfilled

Ambitions never achieved

No I'm not the only one that sees the dead in my dreams

Strive for the bravery of Yasin, artistic gift of Khadija

Every person, a unique blessing to never be repeated

Strive for the loyalty of siblings that stayed behind with their parents

Pray that every loved one lost can somehow make an appearance

We are, calling like the last conversations with their dearest

Until we face, what they face we will never know what fear is

We are, calling for survivors rehoused in the best place

Not to be left sleeping in the West Way for 10 days

We're, calling for arrests made and debts paid

In true numbers known for the families that kept faith

We're, calling for safety in homes of love

They are immortalised forever, the only ghosts are us

I wonder

[Mai Khalil:]

Did they die, or us?

Did they die, or us?

Did they die, for us?

[Lowkey:]

Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice

Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream

[Mai Khalil:]

Did they die, or us?

Did they die, or us?

Did they die, for us?

[Lowkey:]

This corporate manslaughter will haunt you

Now hear 'em scream

[Mai Khalil:]

Olooli win arooh

Nas a'am tehtere'a fe sa'at sahoor

Ahess ennee be alam tanee

Ahess ennee be alam tanee  
Olooli win arooh  
Nas a'am tehtere'a fe sa'at sahoor  
Ahess ennee be alam tanee  
Ahess ennee be alam tanee

*[Lowkey & Various Voices:]*

To whom it may concern, at the Queen's royal borough of Kensington in Chelsea. Where is Yasin El-Wahabi?  
Where is his brother Mehdi? Where is his sister Nur Huda? Where is their mother and where is their father?  
Where is Nura Jamal and her husband Hashim? Where is their children, Yahya, Firdaus and Yaqoob? Where is  
Nadia Loureda? Where is Steve Power? Where is Dennis Murphy? Where is Marco Gottardi? Where is Gloria  
Trevisian? Where is Amal and her daughter Amaya? Where is Mohammed Neda? Where is Ali Yawar Jafari?  
Where is Khadija Saye? Where is Mary Mendy? Where is Mariem Elgwahry? Where is her mother Suhar?

Tell us, where is Rania Ibrahim and her two daughters? Where is Jessica Urbano Remierez? Where is Deborah  
Lamprell? Where is Mohammed Alhajali? Where is Nadia? Where is her husband Bassem? Where are her  
daughters, Mirna, Fatima, Zaina and their grandmother? Where is Zainab Dean and her son Jeremiah? Where is  
Ligaya Moore? Where is Sheila Smith? Where is Mohammednour Tuccu? Where is Tony Disson? Where is  
Maria Burton? Where is Fathaya Alsanousi? Where is her son Abu Feras and her daughter Esra Ibrahim? Where  
is Lucas James? Where is Farah Hamdan? Where is Omar Belkadi? Where is their daughter Leena? Where is  
Hamid Kani? Where is Esham Rahman? Where is Raymond Bernard? Where is Isaac Paulos? Where is  
Marjorie Vital? Where's her son Ernie? Where is Komru Miah? Where is his wife Razia? Where are their children  
Abdul Hanif, Abdul Hamid, Hosna? Where are Sakineh and Fatima Afraseiabi? Where is Berkti Haftom and her  
son Biruk?

Tells us, where is Stefan Anthony Mills? Where is Abdul Salam? Where is Khadija Khalloufi? Where is Karen  
Bernard? Where are these people? Where are these people? Where is Gary Maunders? Where is Rohima Ali?  
Where is her six year old daughter Maryam, her five year old daughter Hafizah and her three year old son  
Mohammed? God bless you all! Where are all these people?

Where are all these people?  
The blood is on your hands  
There will be ashes on your graves  
Like a Phoenix we will rise  
The blood is on your hands  
There will be ashes on your graves  
Like a Phoenix we will rise

"Islamophobic Lullabies" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

### "Islamophobic Lullabies"

This is Jamal's song, name means beauty, are we this far gone?  
Headlines associate kids with waterboarding and car bombs  
Jamal's from same part of the world you got the guitar from  
Still a wonderful world, sing it like Louis Armstrong  
Any kid bullied, I made this to keep your heart strong  
Colonisers names the same pavements that we march on  
Please don't project the war on terror onto children  
They are not suspects or combatants, you cannot kill them  
Please don't project the war on terror onto Grenfell  
State capture and de-regulation, it doesn't end well  
Prevent spying on children, got them stepping on eggshells  
Flash lies across the pages, Islamophobia and death cells  
Psychological warriors, mess with the percentages  
Innocent kids in school labelled grooming gangs and terrorists  
Battle stereotypes like climbing over Everest  
What we must question is how these ideas became so prevalent

The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad  
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab  
The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad  
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab  
Oh, I know you're peering through the window  
But they don't see you anymore  
Don't lose yourself in what they think though  
'Cause this has never been your war

You can tell Prevent stop spying on little kids  
Tell the terrible tabloids stop tarnishing immigrants  
And tell the think-thanks their role is insidious  
And tell the nasty neocons stop funding this ignorance  
Victims of this myth creation searching for inspiration  
Hope this song can comfort you through the intimidation  
Hope you beat those that smeared you through the courts of litigation  
And hold your heads up high through these trials and tribulations  
These morbid remorseless authors, pave the way for disorders  
They murdered the Magna Carta, to hell with habeas corpus, rendition  
Torture across borders, they tore up laws as they scorch them  
Now they, pull up the drawbridge and tell you hordes are enormous  
Only 0.18% of this country's refugees, won't regulate fossil fuelers or owners of SUVs  
But they demonise heroes for braving the seven seas, 34,000 die trying to enter here, rest in peace  
Moment of silence

The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad  
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab  
The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad  
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab  
Oh, I know you're peering through the window

But they don't see you anymore  
Don't lose yourself in what they think though  
'Cause this has never been your war

A cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home  
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone  
A cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home  
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone  
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home  
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone  
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home  
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone  
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home  
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone

"GOAT Flow" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"GOAT Flow"

*[Charlie Sloth:]*

(Let's get ready to rumble)  
Alright Lowkey man, we got Lowkey inside  
It's time for that fire in the booth  
This guy's gonna show you what time it is right now  
He's gonna school you man  
This is what you call a hip hop MC  
Lowkey man, let's know what your about brother

*[Lowkey:]*

I'm the mic breaker, life changer  
Sight shaper, rhyme maker, fire flames facer  
Fight fakers with a lightsaber  
Show whipper, flow spitter  
Tone dimmer, known sinner  
Phone ringer, poem lyric  
Cooker of his own dinner  
Trend setter, bench pressin'  
Fence sitting, bed wetters  
Ten letters, send 'em on the end of a vendetta  
Track smasher, fat packer  
Catnapper, dapper rapper  
Dash a pack, cameras with a nack at catchin' backstabbers  
Laugh at a troll, bars never slow  
Master the art I'm marching them home  
Darker than coal, carvin' a hole  
Carcass garden, apart from the crows  
Smarter than most  
Target the ho's  
As far as an artist you aren't gonna blow  
Marketable, far from it bro  
Bar for bar, Vietnam in the flow  
They palmin' them all, calmin' and cool  
No arsenal, I'm sizing 'em all  
You're farcical, you're bars are my haul  
Bar for bar you can't ever do  
If you're writing is crap  
Hide in your pad  
This type of rap, this price is flat  
My line of attack, it's Tyson with that  
If you try with a tie, I'm windin' it back

I'm the mic breaker, life changer  
Sight shaper, rhyme maker, fire flames facer  
Fight fakers with a lightsaber  
Show whipper, flow spitter  
Tone dimmer, known sinner

Phone ringer, poem lyric  
Cooker of his own dinner  
Trend setter, bench pressin'  
Fence sitting, bed wetters  
Ten letters, send 'em on the end of a vendetta  
Track smasher, fat packer  
Catnapper, dapper rapper  
Dash a pack, cameras with a nack at catchin' backstabbers  
Laugh at a troll, bars never slow  
Master the art I'm marching them home  
Darker than coal, carvin' a hole  
Carcass garden, apart from the crows  
Smarter than most  
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If you're writing is crap  
Hide in your pad  
This type of rap, this price is flat  
My line of attack, it's Tyson with that  
If you try with a tie, I'm windin' it back

Kill them with the sick flow, drill 'em with the info bit [?] bye bye  
Skippin' from the intro only wanna split flow, pity you keep with me why try  
Kid's and kin folk busy with the single, really in with the zeitgeist  
Ready with the impulse, hit him with the plimsoll sayin' if you criticize I  
Sick as I was, switchin' 'em off  
Skip like Criss Cross, hit to the rock  
Slip to the lot, kid to the rock  
Flipped like a pissed off wizard of oz  
Does radio though play me though, maybe bro  
Flames we throw, need more C4 to make me blow  
I'm back with the G.O.A.T flow

*[Charlie Sloth:]*

Man like Lowkey in the building  
Oi that's savage bro  
Oi first time you come in and kill the alphabet  
Now just to take the micky, you come in and kill it backwards (wow)  
I feel like I've just been to university for 5 years  
I love [?]  
Sheesh

*[Lowkey:]*

Findin' this would come back and batter it like Kaepernick  
Passionate without a tick, a man that lives his manuscript  
Establish it, no glamour glitz  
It's manic man, it's chappin' blitz



Fall victim to your eyes, like 21 savage did  
Step right through, website due  
Hit 'em with left right set white smooth  
[?] with bed side blues  
Killin' my city with the headline views  
Red sky zoo, threat like doom  
Visionin' left like ten times two  
Wet try youts, test my shoes  
Next round left that dead white yout  
Tick tack toe, mix match flow  
Hit back quick snap, kit kat blow  
Spit my quotes, rep that show  
Did that impact, lived that bro  
Come back king, [?] ling  
Lower the floor like pump action  
That's my ting, and the thump action  
My scolded soldier like his mum stepped in  
Mercing's merchant merkin' the mic  
Worst of the wise with the words I write  
Hurdles the herds when the hurtle tides  
[?] from lives, immersed in the hype  
Pop and the people do not believe you  
Watch where these monsters want to lead you  
Nonsense they feed you rocks and needles  
Monsters [?] doctor evil  
You lackadaisical, tax tameful raps [?] fall back  
Batter your bass with thoughts, snap your frame for dough  
Back to change those facts  
Man a capable, tracks available  
Stat's are paid in full that's  
That's the labels fault, rap your way to court  
Platinum chain you boy snatched  
Sick as I was, switchin' em off  
Skip like Criss Cross, hit to the rock  
Slip to the lot, kid to the rock  
Flipped like a pissed off wizard of oz  
Does radio though play me though, maybe bro  
Flames we throw, need more C4 to make me blow  
I'm back with the G.O.A.T flow

[Charlie Sloth:]

Oh my god, oh my god

[?]

I can't even believe what I just witnessed right there  
Was that for real? That's recording innit? Is that live?

Oh my god

[?]

Come on man

'Nuff love brother

For the first time in 6 weeks on my show, I'm speechless

"McDonald Trump" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"McDonald Trump"

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

700 billion a year to the fossil fuelers  
750 billion a year to the rocket launchers  
This monster's morbid mob is sordid more than what's reported  
While this song's recorded, hope a hundred humans cross the borders  
Words of MLK, greatest violence purveyor  
See ourselves in the afflicted, the environment decayer  
Do it for Puerto Rico and Ibrahim Abu Turaya  
He'll get Ahed Tamimi while he's tweeting London's mayor  
Harbingers of doom, they let the Trump committee galavant  
Passport not accepted, it's a London City travel ban  
Dystopian future like Amazon's camper vans  
Merely an apprentice to the corporate gangster glamour gang

ExxonMobil are writing this Trump script  
The Koch brothers are riding this Trump ship  
Wall Street is writing this Trump script  
Raytheon and Lockheed riding this Trump ship, shut him down

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

The red face can't contain the rage and hate inside ya  
Aching in your pride but take a major nation, make it minor  
Engage in nativism, now your state is just a paper tiger  
Cover up your face with a solar panel made in China  
A weapon of mass distraction in this twisted age of decadence  
Government, big business, the relationship incestuous  
Hope workers in your businesses unionize and shut you down  
A million people march when you try to enter London Town  
Do another speech to inspire the next militant  
May your nightmares be haunted by vexed immigrants  
Mother of all bombs, I hope that every death lives with him

Corporate revolving door from Bannon to Rex Tillerson

ExxonMobil are writing this Trump script  
The Koch brothers are riding this Trump ship  
Wall Street is writing this Trump script  
Raytheon and Lockheed riding this Trump ship, shut him down

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump  
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

It's a kakistocracy that acts illogically  
Gangsters and bankers kidnap your policies  
Grand hypocrisy, expand the poverty  
This man's philosophy is rampant robbery  
Left Puerto Rico abandoned and on its knees  
Massive horror scenes, no plans for college teams  
Onslaught wants more handguns on the street  
To ban democracy and crash economies  
Fake news in the flesh, great at using the press  
Ruminate on who to hate when you accumulate debt  
The food chain stretched from your goons that invest  
Desecrate the state an unusual death  
Wanna idolize sly guys who would you guess  
Surprised hope they privatize his funeral next  
Lucid effect on who you choose to elect  
When expansion is limitless what future is left  
The system was was fixed for him, sicker than Nixon  
With Clinton, Winston and Kissinger mixed with him  
The missiles are blistering, pistols on kids  
And he spits on the immigrants, isn't it interesting  
Donald Trump and his forked tongue, let 'em all come  
The precedence never been a president that is more dumb  
Slave to the bankers, slave to the gun lobby  
There'll be permanent war, always demonize somebody  
Families broke up, sanity closed shut  
How can it be this man receives a salary to show up  
Private jet nervous, disturb 'em with turbulence  
Merging with mercenaries working to murder us  
They're hurting the Earth and our urges to nurture it  
We're ruled by the worst of the worst of the worst of them  
Hurting the Earth and our urges to nurture it  
Ruled by the worst of the worst of the worst of them

The Republican Party is the most dangerous organisation in human history



"Children Of Diaspora" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Children Of Diaspora"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?  
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular  
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred  
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..  
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..  
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..  
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..

Lost in this city of fog rarely seen by the sun  
Just 'cause you're both but neither doesn't mean that you're none  
Never captains of the ship but they mistook us for some  
Passengers  
Now we're stuck here singing soul music from diaspora  
Your hosts can't relate to your sense of dislocation  
The type of pain that cannot be contained in a dissertation  
"Diaspora" the reason that the terrified are setting fires  
"Diaspora" the reason they couldn't jeopardise Zephaniah  
Considered as a compliment if our beauty is fetishized  
Your history is power, that's the reason some are petrified  
Colonial mimic, mascot crying behind a mask  
Or a man with amnesia trying to find his past  
Anthony Walker never had a weapon but they still got him  
Stephen Lawrence never had a weapon but they still got him  
Mark Duggan never had a weapon but they still shot him  
They call them first world diaspora problems

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?  
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular  
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred  
I wonder what became of them  
Tell me what became of them  
Zoha Hadeed was a child of diaspora  
So fear not, fear not  
Edward Said was a child of diaspora  
So fear not, fear not

[Mai Khalil:]

We never bow to the Queen, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no

[Lowkey:]

Since the middle passage either sink or you swim  
Bleach the pigment of skin and pray its privilege trickling in  
But are we missing the link?  
Diasporas the reason MJ did to his nose what they did to the sphinx  
And why Marley made the most classic of art  
The reason Gabby Douglas didn't put her hand on her heart  
The reason Malcolm Little changed his name to X  
The reason the President's melanin remain a threat  
Ahmed made a clock, they arrested him and mangled his name  
But the root of the word is to thank and to praise  
Racism manifests in many cancerous ways  
We must rally for change in these most tragic of days  
Cos Emmett Till didn't have a weapon, but they still got him  
Tamir Rice never had a weapon but they still shot him  
Alton Sterling never had a weapon but they still shot him  
They call them first world diaspora problems

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?  
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular  
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred  
I wonder what became of them  
Tell me what became of them  
Nina Simone was a child of diaspora  
So fear not, fear not  
Frantz Fanon was a child of diaspora  
So fear not, fear not

*[Mai Khalil:]*

Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no  
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no  
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no, no, no, no, no, no  
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no  
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no  
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no, no, no, no, no, no

We never bow to the Queen, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no  
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no

"Skit 3" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 3"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

If we ask scientists to draw up a list of the top ten greatest scientists. Clearly, Newton, Aristotle, Einstein will be top of that list, I guess. Added to that will be people like Pythagoras, Galileo, Darwin and a few other familiar names. But I reckon, for most people in the West, that top ten will be entirely Europeans: either from Ancient Greece or from the time of the European renaissance and more recently. This evening what I want to talk about is a period in history that's, to a certain extent, been somewhat forgotten. Because I want to put the case for at least three other scientists who I think are worthy of being in that top ten list of greatest ever scientists

"Heroes Of Human History" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Heroes Of Human History"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Mai Khalil:]

Are you all all alone, only you in history?  
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]

Al-Khwarizmi estimated the circumference of the globe  
At a time when Europe thought the earth was flat  
And couldn't tell the time of day, the astrolabe paved the way  
For the clock now I'm about to turn it back  
Was the medicine of Ibn Sina perceived as backwards  
When Oxford scholars deemed bathing a heathen practice?  
History from Aristotle to Al-Kindi as we gather  
Innovations of Ibn Haytham to da Vinci and the camera  
Ask Roger Bacon, Galileo and Adelard of Bath  
Ibn Shatir before Copernicus, century and a half  
House of wisdom, books waiting gold, answers to conundrums  
Cheng Ho sailed the sea before da Gama and Columbus  
You are not who they say you are, you're blessed with a choice  
Here since the 700's, look at King Arthur's [?] coins  
You can do whatever it is that you wanna do  
There's a crater named after Al-Ma'mun on the moon  
So fly

[Mai Khalil:]

Are you all all alone, only you in history?  
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]

Civilisations build on each other, not each to their own  
My question: If people are equal like the teeth of a comb  
Were Jahiz, Mansa Musa, Malik Najashi; Abeed?  
I didn't think so but it seems Shaabi, nasi what I need  
Check yourself, check Raphael's depiction of Ibn Rushd  
Think twice, study history, give it a different look  
Curriculum's literally littered with pitfalls of ridicule  
Fatima al-Fihri founded one of the oldest still-existing schools  
It's deeper than some rhymes I'm providing for the listener  
No surprise for a spitter, the word cypher came from şifr  
Is the next Younis Mahmoud among four million orphaned babies?  
What if Yusra Mardini wasn't able to swim to safety?  
It could be Steve Jobs is starving under hisar  
It would be Zaha Hadid just died in an infijar  
Through your veins flow [?] Gilgamesh and Abu Nuwas  
Your future's bigger than the pain of your present and your past  
Just shine



*[Mai Khalil:]*

Are you all all alone, only you in history?  
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

*[Lowkey:]*

Condemned as the wretched of the earth, we strive to be free  
Fanon struggled for independence he wasn't alive to see  
The countrification, alienation, souls left so scarred  
Idarat altawahish decapitations on postcards  
The occupier left behind all forms of stigma  
Insidious settlement of the mind is more malignant  
From the ashes of war, no phoenix, that human is lost  
They learnt idarat altawahish from ensuing the cost  
We learnt resistance from Morheeba Korshid and Lela Khaled Learnt about Jamal from Bu Azza, Abu Basha and  
Bouhired  
If Abdelkader was reburied in Al-Jaza'er that's the  
Proof return will come for the diaspora of the nakba  
Not the first or the last to break free from the guillotine  
Yesterday Aljazair, tomorrow Philistine  
Not the first or the last to break free from the guillotine  
Yesterday Aljazair, tomorrow Philistine

*[Mai Khalil:]*

Are you all all alone, only you in history?  
Are you all all alone, only you in history?  
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

"Long Live Palestine 3" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

### "Long Live Palestine 3"

(feat. Maverick Sabre, Frankie Boyle, Ken Loach, Chakabars, Khaled Siddiq & Mai Khalil)

*[Frankie Boyle & Chakabars:]*

As you prepare your breakfast, think of others  
Do not forget to feed the pigeons  
As you wage your wars, think of others  
Do not forget those who fight for peace  
As you pay your water bill, think of others, those who are nursed by clouds  
As you return home, to your home, think of others  
Do not forget the people of the camps  
As you sleep and count the stars, think of others, those who have nowhere to sleep  
As you liberate yourself with metaphors, think of others, those who have lost the right to speak  
As you think of others far away, think of yourself and say "if only I were a candle in the night"

*[Lowkey:]*

This is for Palestine, Al-Quds, the capital Jerusalem  
Unarmed people marching to the wall and they're shooting 'em  
Suppression is a question, resistance is the answer  
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza  
Palestine, Al-Quds, the capital Jerusalem  
Unarmed people marching to the wall and they're shooting 'em  
Suppression is a question, resistance is the answer  
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza

*[Maverick Sabre:]*

All you see is war every time you turn your head at night  
There's bloodshed on the floor, mother cries, who dies for her this time?  
There's truth between these walls  
See the lies between the lines they hide  
Where's the bullet coming from? From the tyrant dressed in our disguise

*[Khaled Siddiq:]*

I'mma ride until the end even if I get the push back for all my friends  
Cah you know that I'm a fighter, let me see your lighter and we not gon' stop til Palestine is free  
But you still know that I'mma ride until the end even if I get the push back for all my friends  
Cah you know that I'm a fighter, let me see your lighter and we not gon' stop til Palestine is free

*[Maverick Sabre:]*

Taught to not love, taught to be blind, taught to not care  
Tell me what's real? Borderlines, military despair  
How to exist if there's no ways to be human in fear  
And if you take away our home  
Where's the house supposed to live?  
Taught to not love, taught to be blind, taught to not care  
Tell me what's real? Borderlines, military despair  
How to exist if there's no ways to be human in fear  
And if you take away our home  
Where's the house supposed to live?

*[Mai Khalil & Lowkey:]*

Free my people, long live Palestine  
We will never let you go  
Sing it with me now  
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine  
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine  
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine  
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine

*[Lowkey:]*

If Ibrahim Abu Thuraya could resist without a wheelchair  
10 year challenge, tell Regev we are still here  
And tell that killer Netanyahu he should feel fear  
The old live through us and guarantee the children will care  
Criminal, not invincible and you know it  
Samidoun, samidoun, still sitting in there stoic  
May not feel us with you when you listen to our poems  
You inspire humanity, your resistance is heroic  
Regardless of talk, it is time we answer the call  
Through your strength of spirit, you provide example for all  
How to live, how to love when attacked from the clouds above  
Loud and clear, the songs you sung can't be drowned by the sound of guns  
Or just watch your tragic times through a satellite dish  
The least that we can give you is an anthem like this  
They panicked, tried to analyse and sanitise this  
But we love you more than ever, still Palestine lives

*[Mai Khalil & Lowkey:]*

Free my people, long live Palestine  
We will never let you go  
Sing it with me now  
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine  
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine  
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine  
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine

*[Maverick Sabre:]*

No change, no  
Run away your way, oh  
All the hate you face, oh  
Time to change this stadium  
No change, no change, no  
Run away your way, oh  
All the hate you face, oh  
Time to change this stadium  
No change, no change, no

*[Ken Loach:]*

Continuing oppression of the Palestinian, encircling of the people of Gaza  
Killing of civilians, the burning of bones, the daily oppression, the theft of land  
The apartheid system in the West Bank where there are two road systems and I've been and I'm sure you have  
And you see the... the Israeli road, you see like a spanking new highway just the settler cars going backwards

and forwards

Then you see the old Palestinian roads

And it clearly... it's people living under two sets of rules, an apartheid system

So all this is being uncovered and the boycotts, and divestment and sanctions campaign which I support and I'm

sure many other people do as a peaceful protest against the Israeli oppression

To poor groups who've got to keep proclaiming the rights of the Palestinians are the right to return

The right to their... erm... the right to their homeland really

And... erm... and the theft of land, Israel is breaking international law, it is breaking the Geneva Conventions

"Letter To The 1%" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Letter To The 1%"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

Talking in terms of power. Where the power is, who's shaping the condition of our lives, who determines the quality of the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, the kinda jobs we can have, the images we have to deal with and such.

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well  
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth  
This is my letter to the 1%  
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well  
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Power to those that read bell hooks  
Power to those that sell books  
Power to those who know how the inside of a cell looks  
All those feeling helpless, forgotten and discarded  
Power to the strange fruit they thought was rotten in the garden  
Power to those sitting alone, seeking solace in the calmness  
Power to those feeling stained, know your tomorrow isn't tarnished  
Power to those that sweep the streets with more knowledge than PhD's  
Power to those that keep their keys, return this promise, please believe  
Power to those that suffer in silence, those it hurts to hear  
Power to those that hold their ground  
Power to those that persevere  
Power to those that love humanity more than they love style  
Power to immigrants probably raising Donald Trump's child  
Power to the blind who can't imagine what sight is  
Those staring at the moon and all those working night-shifts  
Power to the readers, the writers, the illiterate  
Power to those that struggle to decolonise their syllabus  
Power to the shy ones, always struggle to make friends  
And the half of humanity worth less than eight men  
Power to those that risked their life to dig the coltan from the ground  
For the mic I'm spitting on and the phone you're holding now  
Power to those that build the stadium they're playing in  
Power to those that mowed the grass and stitched the ball that they're playing with  
Power to every rapper that doesn't rap about killing  
Power to the builders who built buildings that outlived them

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well  
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Power to the slaves of Ancient Greece that didn't have the right to vote  
Democracy dead like Gary Webb, when they import it like its coke  
Power to those write to prison  
Power to those writing home  
Power to those writing poems  
Power to those that died alone

Power to Curtis Mayfield  
Power to Ronald Isely  
Power to the fishermen that were forced into piracy  
Power to every person that is working in a library  
Power to every nurse that we turn to in our times of need  
Power to the unions and the mindless that should punish  
Power to those that drive the busses and those that collect the rubbish  
Power to the youth desiring the truth  
Power to every rapper that is dying for a Fire in the Booth  
For those that lost limbs to King Leopold's quota  
And those risking their lives for the P&O to Dover  
Power to union leaders murdered by...  
Power to victims of this globalised cosa nostra  
Power to those dying on the shores and the borders  
Power to humanbeings that were rendered fauna and flora  
Power to those that cleaned up after the stage show  
And Carnival goes still haunted by Kelso Cochrane's ghost  
Power to ... his picture taunts us ever after  
So many questions never answered  
Remember the last words of Abdul-Muhsin Al-Saadoun, "الأمة تنتظر الخدمة، الإنجليز لا يوافقون"  
Power to Al-Jawahiri and his rebellions  
They killed his brother Ja'far and he cursed the rotten Thamesians  
Enlighten despots pursuing tactics Machiavellian  
Chinese still preceded Europa millennium, think about it  
Printed press half a millennium never get close  
Power to Ken Loach and every volunteer in Lesbos  
Cuban doctors sent to Sri Lanka for the tsunami  
Power to those that cleaned up after the Bullingdon parties  
  
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well  
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth  
  
Kids knowing Apple products before they know what an apple is  
Forgotten like passengers on the USS Indianapolis  
Dying days, for they could see what little boy's damage did  
On the precipice of fascism, while pacifist is cancerous  
Power to those still strong enough to dream  
Power to those that chose not to be a cog in the machine  
Power to those that love first and hate never  
Power to those that sleep on the streets through grey weather  
Power to Aziz Ali and Bone Thugs-n-Harmony  
Power to Norman Baker, David Kelly's, ulnar artery  
Power to the genocided population of Tasmania  
The internet descends to Trumptastic fantasia  
Let them try quote this  
You'll never find a better diagnosis than collective psychosis  
It's getting quite hopeless but hope is all we have  
Tryna cultivate the positive, not focus on the bad  
But the globe's under attack  
The obnoxious rage of a fake intellectual  
Amazing grace in the age of the spectacle  
Not the first time they found a racist electable  
To raise to the pedestal

Then desecrate the place that translated the decimal  
I don't wanna tempt fate  
Power to corpse-washers like Salvador Allende  
Power to language learners  
From Bernie Sanders fans to flag-burners  
One man's inertia is another man's purpose  
In the utopia of song, we are victorious  
But the bitter sweet reality is not this glorious  
Power to Coltrane watching Malcolm X  
Power to Paul Robeson under house-arrest  
Power to Galileo under house-arrest  
Power to Ibn Haytham under house-arrest  
Forgive me if I sound obsessed  
This is my letter to the 1%

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well  
The redistribution of power  
The redistribution of power  
We want the redistribution of power  
We want the redistribution of power  
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth  
We want the redistribution of power, the redistribution of power until your power is ours  
Until your power is ours  
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well  
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

"Skit 4" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 4"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

July 4th, 2005, I joined the United States' military. I swore an oath to defend the constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. I went through basic training, I went through technical school. At the end of my technical school I was brought into the drone programme even though they didn't tell me what it was. They said, "You're gonna go to Nevada and you'll find out when you get there." And so I showed up and they put us in a theatre no bigger than this and they showed a montage video of drone strikes [*\*imitates gun fire\**]... played to heavy metal music. And at the end of the video, a sergeant came down the centre and he stood in front of us and he said, "Your job is to kill people and break things." And I thought to myself, "This isn't why I joined; I joined for very patriotic reasons, to get me education (it's not free in America) and impress a pretty girl

So I went to my commander and I was like, "Sir, I'm not sure I can do this job. I'm not sure I could ever pull the trigger on somebody."

And he was like, "YOU swore an oath to defend the constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. You WILL obey the lawful orders of those appointed over you. You will do your job."

And I was trapped. My father- my grandfather, actually, he's really my father figure. I didn't want to disappoint him; I wanted to be worth something. This is what all veterans want: they want to be worth something. They fight for a reason, they fight because they care. They don't want to look weak; they want to look strong. They want to fight for a noble cause, an honourable cause

And so I did it. I did it for five years and five days. I killed thirteen people - and this is how you make life cheap. You show someone you can end a life by the push of a button. When I was younger, war had no meaning to me; it was something of distant lands and it was something of history. And here it was very real. I was a gamer, I was an athlete.



"Lords Of War" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Lords Of War"

(feat. Kaia)

Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor  
The face behind the screen has seen it all before  
And the worst thing about is there's more in store  
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war

The royal family sell guns  
The royal family sell bombs  
That kill the world's poorest people  
The government sell guns  
The government sell bombs  
That kill the world's poorest people  
The sacrosanct march of industry  
The sacrosanct march of industry  
Does such strange things to people  
The spectatorship of suffering  
The spectatorship of suffering  
Does oh such strange things to people

Oh, Lord of war  
How do you sleep?  
Oh, Lord of war  
How do you sleep at night?  
Oh, Lord of war  
How do you sleep?  
Oh, Lord of war  
How do you sleep at night?  
Oh, Lord of war

She was eight years old, imagination alive  
Cute as could be, you could see the gleam of mischief in her eye  
Carrying her kite, trying find a place where it could it fly  
Hovering not far she saw what was a spaceship in her mind  
Too young to really understand exactly what the buzz meant  
Bread and water everyday, other than that she's unfed  
Pressure applied diplomatically to stop aid  
Reality enforced by the air and naval blockade  
Back to her, through her blood flows Qahtan  
Ancient civilisation but its status has lost charm  
She found a place to fly kite in the soft calm  
Some will say that her life was god's palm  
She heard her mother call, saw her brother fall  
Didn't realise quick enough, stumbled from the sudden force  
In a flicker and flash to the horror scene of death  
This is what happens when technology meets flesh

Oh, Lord of war

How do you sleep?  
Oh, Lord of war  
How do you sleep at night?...  
Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor  
The face behind the screen has seen it all before  
And the worst thing about is there's more in store  
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war  
Oh, Lord of war

A caravan in Nevada, he sits twiddling a control pad  
Taking down coordinates, scribbling in his notepad  
When he sweats the headphones itch and irritate his eczma  
Watching scenes on the screen as they enter through his retina  
Sick of his life, his wife and this job cos it kills  
Sick of his sick father and debt from his hospital bills  
Childhood of computer games that learned him in murder  
He wonders if he's better off serving up burgers  
A part of him loved watching death from distance  
But that feeling numbed away through monotonous repetition  
Merely going through the motions, like the robot that he operates  
Depersonalised murder, victimless violence for the modern age  
His cold stare and tap of a button takes her only life  
Instantly regrets but watches on as she slowly dies  
Grotesquely intertwined via the screen that he stared through  
Her kite floats away but we will never know where to...

Oh, Lord of war  
How do you sleep?  
Oh, Lord of war  
How do you sleep at night?...  
Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor  
The face behind the screen has seen it all before  
And the worst thing about is there's more in store  
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war  
Oh, Lord of war

The lord lives in the third dimension far from the theatre  
But every now and again the whimpers of the carnage get nearer  
Sometimes in his dreams he sees the harmed and disfigured  
Like Dorian Gray can't see his moral scars in the mirror  
Cognitive dissonance, suppresses his pangs of conscience  
Rationalises it away, everybody has their monsters  
But he is not everyone  
He is a parasite of life and carries within him a selfish song never sung  
Believes he loves his children, is he capable of love?  
Lord of the machines that rain Satan from above  
Will they justify what daddy did or hate him as they must  
Realise their bread and butter left faceless faces in the dust  
As the sights locked on her he loosened his suit and tie  
As he sighs, balls of fire were shooting off to her right  
As she died, he ordered a fruit juice with some ice  
Her kite floats away, he admires the blueness of the sky... oh Lord of war...



"Ghosts Of Grenfell 2" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Ghosts Of Grenfell 2"

(feat. Kaia)

[Lowkey:]

Black snow on a summer's night  
Cold shoulders on a summer's day  
Invisible violence becomes visible  
In such a sudden way

Black snow on a summer's night  
Cold shoulders on a summer's day  
Invisible violence becomes visible

Twelve months, no arrests made  
The image in our heads stayed  
Stressed faces pressed to windows, looking for an escape  
Seems they underestimate this corner of the west way  
Witnesses to the crime we fear a whitewash is the end game  
Minister, what was your relationship with Mark Allen?  
Been waiting twelve months for answers, still we can't have them  
Windows to our soul witnessed anguish that you can't fathom  
No disrespect intended, Troubled Water wasn't our anthem  
Carnival on the soul of Kelso Cochrane  
What do you think will develop, on the strength of those names?  
Over seventy everyday people  
No celebrities were left here, picking up pieces of broken memories  
No more to big business, fiddling regulations  
Grenfell Action Group, the most tragic of vindications  
From sympathy of a nation, to most uncomfortable of issues  
Our dearly departed please know we love you and we miss you

[Kaia:]

Calling, still hear them calling  
Black snow was falling  
From the corners of my mind, I hear you  
Calling, still hear them calling  
Black snow was falling  
From the corners of my mind, I hear you

[Lowkey:]

When invisible violence becomes visible, thinking is uncritical  
Listen to some, thinking we're simple and dumb criminals  
Hardened battered hearts, having laughed in a good while  
But Stormzy at the Brit Awards made the neighbourhood smile  
Out of your mind, if you think we're satisfied with platitudes  
Questions for RBKC, Celotex and Sajid Javid too  
As nihilism sets in and the breakdowns start  
Slow creep of bureaucratic violence strains our hearts  
Feeling like an empty vessel, staring at an empty vessel

Corporate hijack of regulations, very detrimental  
Human life, the cost - how can we not be feeling sentimental?  
Goosebumps cross your skin when you feel the breath of death against you  
Bet you never went through that cursed night of haunted sounds  
That wretched cladding falling down, since then death is all around  
They say that every storm there is a dawn  
Knocking on Heaven's door, we mourn forever more

[Kaia:]

Calling, still hear them calling  
Black snow was falling  
From the corners of my mind, I hear you  
Calling, still hear them calling  
Black snow was falling  
From the corners of my mind, I hear the

[Lowkey:]

A place where the flames took everything that is sacred  
We're planting seeds for trees we might not sit in the shade of  
Combustible and still legal, regulations feel feeble  
Never again, moment neoliberalism kills people  
For innocence tarnished and beauty that was lost  
Regulations disregarded, it's the human that's the cost  
Hotels, hospitals and schools  
How could we forget that  
Up and down the country there's people sleeping in death traps

We're (calling)  
For an end to the disdain  
Better bow your heads in silence when we're mentioning their names  
We are (calling)  
For survivors rehoused in the best place  
Still we demonstrate against bonfires of red tape  
We're (calling)  
For the companies and council held accountable  
Climbing up the mountain though its height seems insurmountable  
(Calling)  
From the bottom of our lungs -  
Truth, justice and peace for all of the lost ones

[Kaia:]

Calling, still hear them calling  
Black snow was falling  
From the corners of my mind, I hear you  
Calling, still hear them calling  
Black snow was falling  
From the corners of my mind, I hear the

The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave  
Like a phoenix, we will rise  
The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave  
Like a phoenix, we will rise

We will never give up  
We will never give in  
We will never give out  
We will rise  
We will rise

We will never give up  
We will never give in  
We will never give out  
We will rise  
We will rise

"Neoliberalism Kills People" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

"Neoliberalism Kills People"

How can I do a fire in the booth, when I'm trying just to maintain  
And since June don't hear the word fire in the same way  
Heard screams, splutters and them gasping for air  
That's not bars in a booth it's so hard to compare  
If I use fire as metaphor  
Does that disrespect the people that are never more?  
How does that bomb sound sound to those that bled in war that we never saw?  
Remember when they settled scores with metal swords like Skeletor  
Chinese made gun powder, Nobel invented dynamite  
They say the guilt in his mind compelled him to design the prize  
We know what Einstein's mind was like  
How many geniuses we never knew that were deprived of life?  
I can't philosophise on horrifying flames  
We don't have to apologise or qualify our pain  
Degrenfellise our loved ones of the colonisers name  
Should we let the corporate media lobotomise our brains  
You are beautiful, no matter how this life disfigures you  
You're beautiful even if that image you emulate isn't you  
I don't know if history is linear or cyclical  
But know I'm ridiculed for making invisibles visible  
That's why Plato said banish poets from the republic  
'Cause they know that we can shake the social system and disrupt it  
The land of liberty, they tell us leave it or lump it  
When Trump comes to the country we hope he chokes on his crummet  
Before we sink in the ocean, consider this as an omen  
Natures blessings aren't ours just 'cause we think that we own them  
Never think that you're broken, or think that you're no-one  
Remember a rope is strong because of strings interwoven

Would they love you more if you mock the people that you're from  
Self-orientalise and believe that you belong  
Overcompensate and propagate the image of the imbecile  
Not uninvolved though you're further from the killing field  
Take solace in the fact there's always cracks in the monolith  
Now we're practically lobbing bricks like Asterix and Obelix  
Distracted with gossip it's twisted news an interlude to adverts no hidden truths to listen to it's pitiful  
Rosa Luxemburg gave us this simple truth  
You won't feel your chains till the day you begin to move  
He photographed a corpse and they flung him in the cage  
Those that signed off on the cladding are still receiving their wage  
Helicopters hovered close, pictures for the front page  
Tried to speak all I really felt deep was numb rage  
How could they see this pain at such a young age  
Leaning out the window, screaming for help but none came  
If it bleeds it leads, trauma tourists they gravitate  
Shock doctrine in effect, disaster capitalists salivate  
Privatisation, deregulation and austerity

To zero hour contracts, exploitation and precarity  
Adults didn't make it, children to be fostered  
Saved pennies on the block, dropped 20 million on the opera  
We see through your cold plans, your programme is done  
We don't want a Prime Minister that holds hands with Trump  
We don't want DJs doing shows on military compounds  
Can't trivialise fire or hear any more bomb sounds  
How can I smile when I know the remains are still not found  
And echoing in my mind is exactly how the sobs sound

They say we're criminals for the syllables and stanzas  
When they subsidise the killers tools, the pillagers and bankers  
Who are the engines of history, people like me and you  
Who got massacred for the right to vote at Peterloo  
It was imagineers, the poets and the artists  
The miners, Tolpuddle Martyrs, William Cuffay and the chartists  
Rebel and resist even through something small  
Create windows with words and mirrors where once were walls  
Manure contributes to the beauty of a rose  
Why can't we accept our pain as something that helps us grow  
They wonder why songs that make you cry are more moving  
'Cause crying's the only thing that we were born doing  
They tell us tea is tradition to the English  
When I look around this island not a tea plantation in it  
Earl Gray gave 20 million to the slave traders  
Multi-polar world now the Indians are space raiders  
Freedom to be even or merely alienate labour  
Freedom for fossil fuellers to desecrate and invade nature  
Albert was an immigrant, Prince Phillip is an immigrant  
Were the Celts, Normans and the Anglo-Saxons English, then?  
The words Sugar, Cotton and Rice come from Arabic  
Now we import democracy to civilise the Saracens  
Analysing planets when this back water was wilderness  
It seems we're still obsessed with immortality like Gilgamesh  
Pessimism of intellect, optimism of will  
Wear the skin of their victims its syndrome buffalo bill  
In times of permanent war there is always someone to kill  
But when life and death are virtual almost nothing is real